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The Herald, April 11, 1891

Cedarville University

The Herald.

VOL. 12 CEDARVILLE, OHIO, SATURDAY, APRIL 11, 1891 NO. 10

Mrs. Nettie Barber spent Thursday in Xenia.

Mrs. Bev. Andrew is in Cincinnati this week.

Go to Boyd's restaurant for a good meal, only 25 cents.

D. S. Ervin went to Columbus on business Wednesday evening.

The Misses Cushing, of Springfield, are visiting relatives at this place.

If you want a good lunch or a square meal go to Boyd's and try him once.

George Winter made a trip to Cincinnati this week, combining both business and pleasure.

A. C. Scanland, of Selma, was in Cedarville Wednesday to visit his sister, Mrs M. Keys, who is quite sick.

Mr. Albert Ramby and daughter Bessie of Dayton spent sunday with his little son and aunt Mrs. Robertson.

Mrs. Andrew Jackson, wife of Greene County's popular Representative, with her daughter. Miss Pearl, is spending the week at the Capital.

Mrs. S. B. Andrews and Mrs. J. Strouse, of Carrolton, O., were the guests of B. W. Northup and family this week.

Miss Lulu Smith entertained a number of her friends with a "taffy pulling" Tuesday evening. In addition quite an interesting time was had with crokinole, tiddledy winks, etc.

The Anderson, Ind., Bulliten says: "Will D. Nesbit, city reporter of the Anderson Daily Herald," has a neat little card he passes out now in introducing himself as a news gatherer. Mr. Nesbit seems to have caught on in Anderson.

Ed. Smith and Spence Shepherd have for the past two or three weeks been making things lively in and about Covington, Miami county, selling Wood's automatic washer. The Covington Gazette speaks of them in the highest terms.

Miss Anna Chew, a graduate of the Boston School of Oratory, and professor of elocution at Oxford college, will give an entertainment under the auspices of the Y. W. C. T. U. of this place Friday, April 24th. Her readings include dramatic, pathetic humorous, character sketches, dialect selections, etc., which she renders with the skill of a perfect artist, as all who have had the pleasure of hearing her attest. The musical members of the program will be furnished by the Y. W. C. T. U.

The "Y" parlors were well filled Monday evening by guests who were entertained by an interesting program arranged for the occasion by the members of that society. Several entertaining papers were read. A couple of recitations ellicited much applause. The music added materially to the evening's enjoyment.

Rev. Dr. McAllister, of Pittsburgh, Pa., will speak in Ervin & Williamson's Hall an Friday evening April 17 at half past 7 o'clock, on "A Tour through Bible Lands"—Egypt, Syria and etc. Those who come will be well entertained. All are cordially invited. A collection will be taken up for the benefit of missions.

On Saturday of last week the friends of Mrs. D. J. Shrodes gave her a very pleasant surprise in honor of her fifty-fourth birthday. An elegant dinner was served. There was present about thirty-five guests including Mrs. K. B. Rader, and Mr. and Mrs. Samuel McClure, of Springfield, Miss Fannie Ellis, of Xenia, and Mr. and Mrs. George Carlisle, of Yellow Springs.

Joe Hanabery this week brought to the HERALD office one of the greatest curiosities in the shape of an egg we ever saw. It is a large duck egg and was supposed at first to contain two yolks but upon being broken carefully it was found that inside the shell is another shell while the white of an egg seperated it from the outer one. Hundreds of persons called to see the curiosity, and it was apparant to all that it was genuine as the outer shell was not broken sufficiently to have allowed the inner egg to have been placed there through any human agency.

Georgie Charters

The great and beautiful whistler and singer has decided to return to Cedarville in a short time assisted by a club of young ladies and gentleman, and give a grand musical and social farce prepaired by one of the finest writers and authors, now standing before the public, and of which will be patented for Georgie only. The plot is grand, comprising of facts of nature. The final ending of a high extravigent life. The fall to sin and disgrace by intemperance. Georgie will whistle her most select pieces, and give you some new songs, all of which she personales as she sings them. Those who do not hear the little genius will miss a rare treat, as she has given time and attention for this purpose. Georgie will convince the people of her first home and birth place of her wonderful attainment as a whistler, songster and actress. She invites the patronage of the community, and we hope she may be greatly appriectated as this will be the last time she can favor you, having had some flattering offers in the east of which she will be more than likely to except.

Respectifully
HAMILTON.

LOCALS.

Teeth extracted without pain by application of cocaine at Dr. Homan's office.

Avena, Oatmeal
Cracked wheat
Granulated Hominy
Farino, Parched Farinose at GRAY'S.

New perfumes, very elegant at RIDGWAY'S PHARMACY.

Go to Dean & Barber's, for fresh meats of all kinds.

Tobacos and Cigars at GRAY'S.

Tiddledy winks, a novel game at RIDGWAY'S PHARMACY.

Go to Wolford's for the genuine Brown cultivators.

Do you want any kind of a horse from a yearling to a driver, draft horse or brood mare, call on
E. E. MURDOCK, Cedarville.

Over alls and waists, a full line at J. C. Barber's.

Farmer's Friend corn planter at Wolford's.

Gasoline stoves, all patterns, qualities and prices at Crouse & Bull's.

Saddles, bridles and harness of all discriptions at Andrew Bros.

A fine line of folding lounges at Barr & Morton's.

Buy Imperial plows at Wolford's.

Green Onions, Radishes, and Lettuce at McCorkells.

Oarges, Bananas and Lemons, at McCorkells'.

A Fine Grade of Canned Blackberries at McCorkell's

Gloves, good stock, low prices.
ANDREW & BRO.

Sorghum, Syrup and New Orleans Molasses at GRAY'S.

Barr & Morton have a full line of beds, bedsprings and mattres etc.

Barr & Morton would like to have you call and see their elegant line of resters.

A full line of Spring Millinery. Prices best in town.
Barber & McMillan.

New Spring Hats, Flowers, Ribbons, Gold and Silver trummings, Trimned Hats, at Mrs. Condon's.

Shoes, a full stock in every line at J. C. Barber's.

Flaked Pineapple, at GRAY'S.

Custard pie pumpkin, mince meat pie, at GRAY'S.

Clover and Timothy Seed at at ANDREW & BRO.

Irish and Jersey Sweets Potatoes, at GRAY'S.

Pure old Dutch Java Coffee at at ANDREW & BRO.

Corn, Tomatoes, Beans, &c., at GRAY'S.

Sweet, spiced and sour pickles at GRAY'S.

Old Kentucky fine cut tobacco 40 cents per pound, at ANDREW BROS.

Cheese, Crackers and Ginger snaps at GRAY'S.

Hard and Soft refined Sugars at GRAY'S.

Sugar, Sea, Coffee, &c, at Gray's.

Buy your fresh and salt meats at the old reliable meat store of C. W. Crouse.

Rolled Avena and Wheat, Oatmeal and Cracked Wheat, Farino and Parched Farinose, Pearl Barley, Granulated Hominy at GRAY'S.

Fish at GRAY'S.

Wood and Willow ware at GRAY'S

Some novelties in ladies purses at RIDGWAY'S PHARMACY.

Buckwheat flour and pure maple molasses at GRAY'S.

Syrup and Molasses at GRAY'S.

The best place in town to buy meat of all kinds is at C. W. Crouse's. Try him.

Cash paid for furs at
S. L. WALKER'S.

Choice white clover honey at GRAY'S.

See our new papatrie at 25 cents.
RIDGWAY.

Honey at GRAY'S

Money saved by buying furniture of Barr & Morton's.

Hats and bonnets reshaped the best and latest styles at Mrs. Condon's

Buy your bed room suits of BARR & MORTON.

A nice line of rockers at Barr & Morton's

All kinds of garden tools at Crouse & Bull's.

Wall Paper at J. C. Barber's.

Butter, Jersey, Milk and Oyster Crackers at GRAY'S.

Art materials, a complete stock at RIDGWAY'S PHARMACY.

Highest market price paid for wheat at ANDREW & BRO.

Dried Apples, Peaches, Apricots and Prunes at GRAY'S.

The Cedarville Herald.

W. H. ELLIS, Publisher.

CEDARVILLE, : : OHIO.

VOICE CULTURE.

Serious Defects May Be Wholly Eradicated By Careful Treatment.

Every one may not be blessed by nature with a pleasant voice; but almost every one can by endeavor attain something like it—the inspiration, the respiration, the modulation, the pitch. Some may be condemned even in the cradle to the toner which make you wish to clap your hands to your ears; but a vast number, if taken in time, can be made, to say the very least, not unpleasant, if not exactly delightful. It needs early training and constant care, to bring about the metamorphosis. From the beginning the child should be allowed to produce no raucous tones, to indulge in no thick enunciation, to utter no slovenly slur of sound; the elders should soften their own voices when within the child's hearing, if at no other time, should open their own most flute-like stop, and should speak with slow gentleness and a precision not precise enough for affectation, but quite enough so for thorough distinctness and accuracy, and for every sound to be given its full value. A servant of rude tones should never be allowed about a child, nor anyone else of a disagreeable habit of voice. Even the nightingales and canaries are taught by another bird of perfect throat; and if the bird learns thus by naturally taking the sound it hears, the child will do the same. A child once attuned by the hearing and neighborhood of sweet voices to take an agreeable pitch, and while the tone-producing organs are still flexible, can be corrected in any deviation from purity and pleasantness, till the deviation becomes all but impossible. This certainly is not achieved by a simple effort; it is to be done only by unremitting observation and unceasing correction. A harsh tone should be modified upon the spot, a coarse cry abandoned, a sharp one softened; modulations should be taught, giving the speaker a gamut on which to play and prevent monotony, for we all know how unendurable is either reading or speaking in one dull, unvarying drone. It is often desirable, especially in the case of children who have had throat troubles and recurring catarrhal colds, to have them taught enunciation by a professional elocutionist; that is, the producing and managing of tone.

There is no young voice that cannot be improved by advice and training at the hands of one capable of giving both; this is eminently true during the first dozen years of life; but it is true, also, until close upon the thirtieth year. In the matter of singing voices, baritones have made for themselves tenor voices by slow determination and practice; sopranos have closed a lower and opened a higher register; and if such miraculous work as that has been done with the delicate and difficult singing voice, surely all that can be required of the speaking voice is possible every day, and all that is requir d is much less than anything of this sort. Many of the great orators of antiquity are known to have overcome serious defects of speech, either in delivery of the voice, as in Tully's case, or in articulation, as in the case of Demosthenes, and that when they were no longer children.—Harper's Bazar.

THE SHAH AS A POET.

His Harsh Treatment of a Certain Candid Critic.

It is not generally known that the present shah of Persia is not only a prose writer of considerable merit, but has also some pretensions to the character of a poet. Like the German king, who, according to Carlyle, declared himself to be above grammar, so does the Persian monarch consider himself above criticism; yet, like all poets, he is glad to lend an ear to it when it is favorable. One day, however, having completed a poem which particularly delighted him, he deigned to read it to one of the most prominent men of letters attached to his household. "What do you think of it?" he asked, after reading the verses aloud. "I do not altogether like the poem," was the candid reply. "What an ass you are to say so!" exclaimed the offended sovereign, and there was certainly much wisdom in the royal words, for the misguided critic was forthwith ordered to the stables to be flogged. A few days later the shah, having written another poem, once more desired to hear the opinion of the learned scribe whom he had consulted before. Hardly had he read a few lines of his latest elucubration when the learned man turned abruptly away and prepared to run out of the room. "Where are you going?" thundered his majesty. "Back to the stables!" cried the critic in desperation. So amused was the king of kings by this repartee that he forgave the delinquent and forebore to have him flogged a second time.—Chicago Times.

—This Is Essential.—Eggie De Vere—"When a fellah is engaged he should give the gihl pwesents, shouldn't he? Weally, now, whawt does the young cweachaw I'm betwothed to need besides the ring?" Severe Old Man—"A decent specimen of humanity to present it."—Jewelers' Weekly.

—A Stickler For Form.—Gentleman—"And why don't you go to work?" Tramp—"'Cause I ain't never been invit d."—American Grocer.

THE BATTLE FIELD.

"TAPS."

Time flies, and the veterans, private and chief,
At post or encampment, in numbers grow thin;
Grim Death, the harsh reaper, unheeding our grief,
Thrusts forth his keen sickle and gathers them in;
His thrusting and reaping no mortal can stay,
And swiftly our comrades are passing away.

He strikes, and his striking unerring and deft,
Field and valley he sweepeth, nor misses a soul;
And thus he will mow on the right and the left,
Till all the dear comrades are dropped from the roll;
As gallant a band as earth ever knew,
The brave and undaunted old heroes in blue.

Aye, frequent and solemn, with low muffled drum,
The march with furled banner in drapings of night,
For again and anon the swift messengers come,
And bear the old soldiers away from our sight;
Here absent at roll-call—no answer instead
At the grander encampment of all the brave dead.

Beloved were the brave in the raiment of blue,
When first with the musket they fell into line,
When life is so genial and manhood so new
To the young volunteer in the warfare divine;
Sweet memory thrills us, while sad is each heart,
As yearly and daily the heroes depart.

Admiration and love for the hopeful and brave
Grew stronger and warmer when homeward they turned;
And loud and prolonged were the cheers the friends gave
To the victors and banners with laurels well earned;
Ah! that banner's defenders now veterans gray,
Freedom's Nation will honor to its uttermost day.

Taitoo is now beating—through all the land heard—
And taps will be next for the host once so strong;
Aye, "lights out," the order obeyed to the word,
Will sound for the last of the heroes ere long;
And camp-fires extinguished and camp in still rest,
There'll be peace for thee, soldier, in the land of the blest.

—Henry Hitchcock, in Inter Ocean.

STORIES OF THE WAR.

"Off Days" Which Every Brave Man Has Experienced at Times.

Not long since, at a social gathering at which a number of middle-aged and elderly men were present, a party composed of some four or five, gathered in a convenient corner of the room, and began the discussion of the physical courage of some of Kentucky's prominent men of the early part of this century, brought about by a narrative which had been read in their hearing. Among this party were to be found more than one man who had personal knowledge of the late war, and all were more or less interested in the subject. One a distinguished soldier, and probably as brave a man in action as could be found in the confederate army, and whose experiences and opportunities for observation were numerous, embracing some of the most dashing and arduous cavalry service ever performed by any body of mounted troops, took occasion to express himself in about these words: "In my experience with men I have seen many things tending to convince me that every man, no matter how brave, has his off day. I mean by that that there are times when the best men—men whom you know to be absolutely fearless as a rule—will quail in the presence of danger."

This expression of opinion from one so well qualified to judge, and whose personal courage was undaunted, naturally caused his listeners to assume an expectant attitude, as they were assured that he would follow his remark with an illustration. This he did. Continuing, he told of an incident which came under his own observation. He gave no names, although he did mention the places at which the events he narrated had occurred. These will not be located, as it is not wished to identify the unfortunate victim of "a day off" in any manner.

"I remember the circumstances perfectly well," said the veteran. "My command had been fighting a superior force for some time, and the fellows on the other side were making it very hot for us. I think my regiment lost about 125 men in a short time. While the fight was going on, I had occasion to pass a short distance to the rear, and found, to my astonishment, a young lieutenant who had left his post and sought shelter behind a tree. I had my pistol in my hand and raised it and pointed it at him, ordering him at the same time to go to his post. He obeyed without a word, and during the remainder of the fight he was all right. I knew he had always been trustworthy, and could not account for his conduct, except on the idea I have just given—that every man has his off day. But this was not all of it. I did not want to have the man cashiered; I knew that would ruin him forever; but I was at a loss as to what to do. I could not, however, pass it over. I reported the case to Gen. Breckinridge a few days later, without giving the lieutenant's name, and asked what I ought to do about it. The general was pretty cross that morning and at once said: 'Have him cashiered.' Well, I went back to my command, but I still hesitated to prefer charges. In the meantime we were sent off to another place and engaged the enemy at a point near where there was a long covered bridge, across which we supposed they had retreated, but of that we were not sure. It was necessary to find out, and I took some men and went down the bank of the stream—under the bank, which was high—and kept on until we got beneath the bridge. All was still. We could tell nothing about the situation. Col. ——, the lieutenant and a number of others were with me. I consulted with the colonel, who agreed with me that it would not be right to order any man to go into the bridge on an errand which was sure to result in his death. I did not know what to do. I certainly did not want to go into that bridge myself, and I did not feel that I ought to sacrifice any man's life by sending him.

"At last I went to the lieutenant and asked him what he would do if he were court-martialed and cashiered, telling him what I had been ordered to do. He said: 'If I am cashiered I will blow my brains out. I will never go back to Kentucky with that disgrace hanging over me.' I then spoke to him of the necessity of knowing what the enemy was about, and told him that if he would obtain the information the court-martial would be forgotten, reminding him, at the same time, of the terrible risk he ran. He fully understood it, and as he was in dead earnest in his declaration, and said he would rather die in the bridge than be cashiered, I told him to go. When Col. —— found what I had done, he said: 'You are surely not going to let that man go?' I explained the position, but it was a hard case, any way.

"Well, he started. We heard him climbing up the bank as stealthily as possible, toward the entrance to the bridge. We remained quiet, and soon we could detect his footfalls on the floor of the bridge above. It was an anxious moment. We soon knew that the enemy was not at our end of the bridge, but the lieutenant kept on. Suddenly, at the far end, we heard: 'Halt! Halt!' in quick succession and a volley of shots, and we also heard our man's fleeing footsteps. In a very few moments he was among us, and as he came up, he said: 'General, they're there,' as coolly as possible. Well, I was never so much relieved in my life. He proved by that act the truth of my theory and nobly redeemed his tarnished character."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

GRANT'S EARLY LIFE.

Interesting Reminiscences Related by Gen. O. O. Howard.

At a society meeting in New York city, the other evening, Gen. O. O. Howard read a paper on Gen. Grant. He gave a sketch of the early life and career of the great soldier and statesman, and paid a high tribute to his bearing in his every-day intercourse with his associates and in his domestic relations. Gen. Howard related many characteristic anecdotes about Gen. Grant. One anecdote told of Grant by President Lincoln showed the principle which guided Grant to success and honor. A traveling circus visited the town in which Grant lived as a boy, and one of the attractions of the show was a mule warranted to unseat any person who tried to ride him around the ring.

A dollar was offered to the person who would ride him, and young Grant tried, but was thrown. Picking himself up, he said he would like to try again. He did, mounting the beast with his face toward its tail, which he grabbed, and so he succeeded in getting around the ring. Lincoln, after telling his story, added: "That's what he'll do with Lee," and two weeks afterward Lee capitulated. In closing Gen. Howard said: "Tried by any standard, human or divine, Grant's was a remarkable career, and had a fitting close. He made a supreme effort to leave his family provided for, and then resigned himself to meet his Creator. His was a noble life, nobly ended."—Washington Critic.

RECENT REPORT.

GEN. SHERMAN once declined an offer of $10,000 a year to contribute regularly to a grand army paper.

IT is a remarkable fact that the three greatest generals of the rebellion, Grant, Sherman and Sheridan, were born within a radius of 100 miles in the southern part of Ohio.

COL. WILLIAM H. MORGAN of Shepherdstown, W. Va., claims that the last shot at Appomattox was fired by the Maryland brigade (confederate) and that this was some time after Gen. Lee had surrendered. He was informed of the surrender by the union troops themselves under a flag of truce.

JOHN W. JANUARY, of Minonk, Ill., draws a pension of $100 a month. Mr. January is known all over the country as the man who cut off his own feet in Andersonville prison. The confederate surgeon had told him that he must die, as his feet were partly eaten away by gangrene. The surgeon refused to amputate the injured parts, when January performed the operation himself with an old knife. He retains the knife as a most valuable relic.

DR. HALL has quite a curiosity in the shape of an old rusty relic of the late war, says the Americus (Ga.) Recorder. It is one of the old pikes known as the Joe Brown pike, which were used by the confederates at the beginning and by some of the troops all through the war. Dr. Hall was living near Griswoldville, and after the engagement there he found the one he has. It consists of an iron shaft about a foot long and a head shaped like a spear. To the shaft was fastened a long wooden handle, but this part of it was lost.

IN WOMAN'S BEHALF.

A SHAMEFUL INJUSTICE.

Women in the Departments Who Do Better Work But Receive Less Pay Than the Men.

Women are never as well paid as men, even when they do an equivalent amount of work; this rule holds true even in the departments of public justice where women are employed.

The fact is that the injustice done to women in paying them women's wages for men's work has prevailed ever since Salmon P. Chase first put women at desks in the treasury. For example, there are no clerks entered on the rolls at $900. Up to that grade they are merely copyists; yet fully one-half the women set down in the blue book and official register as copyists are really clerks, and sit side by side doing exactly the same work done by men clerks at $1,000 and $1,200. Custom has established an unjust law by which a woman going into a public office in Washington is assigned to a grade below that which a man doing the same work would command. Thus a man on a $1,200 salary does the same work that is given the woman who sits next him for $900. When the woman is promoted to $1,200 the man is promoted to $1,500.

Indeed, one of the greatest drawbacks to putting young men in these government offices is, that the work being so simple they learn nothing, and as the human mind either advances or retrogrades, these young men generally go down hill from the start. Extravagant pay for infantile work, with abundance of leisure and every temptation to toadyism, is generally enough to ruin the best material. The men hold the executive positions, such as chiefs of divisions, chief clerks, etc., and it is eminently proper that they should; but apart from that, the women share equally in the difficulty of the labor performed—which is simple, however, to the last degree.

In the counting and handling of paper currency women have almost superseded men. They count better and faster, and in the detection of counterfeits are unequaled. Notes which circulate freely through every bank in the country are readily detected the instant they come into the hands of the women operators in the treasury. A counterfeit of the last issue of $5 bills was known to be in circulation some time ago; the treasury sent out the alarm, but the official, judging from experience, knew that it would probably not be detected until one reached the treasury in a package of money from one of the banks. At last it came in a bundle from a big New York bank. The young woman counting the bills in the treasury bureau picked it out instantly. The note was traced and found to have passed through half the banks in New York without suspicion, to be detected at the first glance by this young woman, who, it is said, has never yet passed a counterfeit. Not one single cent has ever been stolen by women since their employment in the treasury. When the work was done solely by men, discharges for small thefts were frequent.

Superficial observers mention, as an instance of the inferiority of women's work, that only one woman in Washington receives so high a salary as $1,800, and not more than a dozen receive $1,500. Go into the dead-letter office of the post office department and there will be seen a woman who has sat for eleven years at an $1,800 desk, drawing $900 a year in all that time. In the old days she had no influence to have herself promoted. Now she would have to stand a civil-service examination, and she is too timid to attempt it. The wisest among the women employes up to the inauguration of the civil-service rule were extremely careful not to get too high a salary, as the minute a woman steps over the $1,200 limit her place was demanded for some political-place hunter who wanted it. Thus many women, who might have urged with good effect the fact that they did the work of high-salaried clerks, were afraid to ask for proportionate compensation, as it jeopardized them instantly and fatally. A case in point is that of a very accomplished woman employed in the state department. She did for years the work of a $1,500 clerk on a $1,000 salary. An injudicious friend in Congress got her pay raised somewhat in proportion to her work. In less than a month her head rolled into the basket—she had been guillotined in favor of a man. Next she was appointed librarian to a certain department, and the same friend offered to use his efforts to get her salary raised there. She begged him to do no such indiscreet thing; consequently she still retains her place.—Demorests' Monthly.

THE WOMEN OF BOHEMIA.

They Have by Noble Effort Established a Gymnasium or Preparatory School for Girls in Prague.

After a hard battle against ignorance and prejudice the women of Bohemia have succeeded so far as to open a gymnasium, or preparatory school, for girls in Prague.

Last summer when the question of admitting women to the university was raised, it awakened a storm of ridicule and opposition. But the women refused to be alarmed or discouraged. They drew up a petition and presented it to the reichsrath, where it was so favorably received that there was no longer any doubt about their admittance to the university upon the same terms as the men.

So much gained, the next question arose as to how the girls were to gain the preliminary education required for the entrance examination to the university. As yet the state would not open to them the doors of a single gymnasium. The soul of the new movement was Elska Krasnohorska, the most popular author in Bohemia. This little woman, full of enthusiasm, said: "Let us start a gymnasium of our own!" This would be an easy task in America, but not so under the despotic government of Austria. Merely to obtain permission to organize such a school meant an endless amount of labor. Miss Krasnohorska, however, was equal to the task. She reasoned, pleaded, coaxed, sent letters in all directions until she not only obtained the consent of the authorities for starting a gymnasium, but won to her side almost all the leading journals of Prague.

The hardest task of all was yet to come, and that was to raise the necessary funds. The enemies of the undertaking now laughed and rejoiced. They knew the money could never be raised, and the fact that the women attempted it was prima facie evidence that they were unfit for higher education—no one of ordinary intelligence would attempt such a hopeless task!

But they laugh best who laugh last. The money was raised, and the school opened with fifty-three pupils, that being a far larger number than the most sanguine friends of the cause had expected. "And what pupils!" writes Miss Krasnorhorska. "Such enthusiasm, such diligence. Why, in Latin and Greek they will accomplish in one year what the boys do in two!" Now the people of Prague are proud of the school. Now they rejoice that in all northwestern Europe, or rather among the Germanic states, their little kingdom of Bohemia was the first to raise the standard of higher education for women.—Frances Gregor, in Chicago Inter Ocean.

Some Florida Women.

Some public-spirited women in a winter resort in Florida have formed themselves into a society which they call the Village Improvement association, and have assumed the duty of keeping the streets clean. They employ a man to pick every scrap of refuse which litters the pavement or gutter, and, as this factotum is practically in the employ and under the authority of every woman in town, whose vigilance is unceasing, his work is thoroughly and efficiently accomplished. At intervals along the pavement they have caused to be placed neatly-painted barrels, with a bit of verse begging the passer-by to utilize them by tossing into them the bit of paper, cigar stump or fruit skin which would otherwise be thrown down untidily. They have also organized the children into a society pledged not to throw any kind of litter into the public ways. That town is a model of Utopian cleanliness, and suggests the idea that "city mothers" instead of fathers might be successful.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

WOMEN AND THEIR WORK.

MME DE STAEL said that what she was most proud of was the fact that she had acquired seventeen trades, by any one of which she could make a livelihood.

A NEW industry for women is putting lisle-thread feet in the legs of silk stockings, and a New York girl, a consignor at the Woman's Exchange, makes $15 a week at it.

WOMEN are beginning to excel in handicrafts. Three classes of art work stood out prominently at the exhibition in London recently—these were the embroideries, wood carvings and leather work.

IT is stated that there are over 2,500 women physicians now earning a good living by their practice in this country. In thirteen states women physicians have been employed in insane asylums, reformatories and other public institutions of which women are inmates.

THERE are 200,000 factory girls in London. The needs of these working-women have been but faintly recognized by the benevolent agencies. It has been estimated that for every shilling contributed toward the amelioration of the social and moral condition of working women a pound is subscribed for the benefit of men. While $3,750,000 has been given by government for technical education of men and boys nothing has been done toward the technical education of women.

A CONTEMPORARY suggests as a new pursuit for women, that they should learn the use of the turning lathe. It says it is a pleasant and profitable employment, as lathes can be secured that require very little bodily exertion. It also suggests as an avenue now open, the making of the picture frames which are now made to harmonize as much as possible with the picture. For instance, the picture of ecclesiastically architectural outline with a top in a pointed arch. But anything, from chessmen to bread-boards can be turned on a lathe.

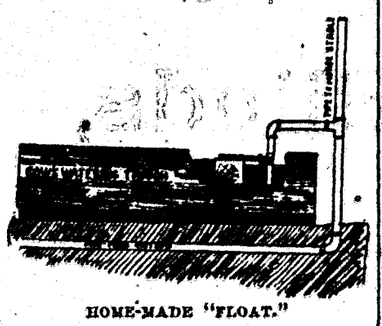
THE average wages of 150,000 ill-fated working girls of New York is sixty cents a day, and that includes the income of the stylish cashiers who get two dollars a day, as well as the unfortunate girls who receive thirty cents a day in east side factories and shops. The lot of the average saleswoman who has not the help and shelter that parents or a married brother or sister could share is hard indeed. One has only to look into the pale, pinched faces of these poor girls to know that thousands of them are actually starving to death. And that, too in New York

THE FARMING WORLD.

WOODEN WATER PIPES.

An Interesting Article on a Topic of Great Importance.

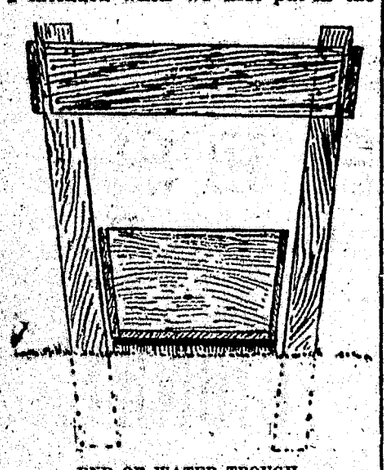
Some weeks since a correspondent asked for information in regard to the durability of wooden pipes for conducting water underground. In the summer of 1873 my father laid common pump logs, made of white pine, to conduct water from the bottom of a cistern to a trough in a yard below. A stopcock was placed at the end in the cistern and operated by a rod running to the top. In this way the lower end of the pipe, being left open, was exposed to the air, and several lengths next the trough had to be replaced several times; but four or five rods from the end, where the pipe was buried about four feet deep, it was found in the summer of 1889 (or after sixteen years), to be perfectly sound. At this point we attached galvanized iron pipe to conduct water into the basement of the new barn which stands near. I have not the



HOME-MADE "FLOAT."

least fear that the wooden pipe will not last as long as the iron. It is laid in heavy yellow clay; possibly in sandy or gravelly soil enough air might reach it to cause decay.

A description of our waterworks may interest some of your readers. The water is first pumped from a well into a large cistern by means of a windmill. The cistern is located on the hillside above the barn, so that the water is conducted into the basement, but, unfortunately, not high enough to enable it to rise above the floor of the horse-stable except when the cistern is full. We have a common pitcher pump to raise the water for the horses. In the covered yard or "cows' bedroom" there is a large trough with a self-acting valve which always keeps the trough full. I have attempted to show the arrangement in the sketch, Fig. 1. I intended when we first put in the



END OF WATER TROUGH.

piping to get a valve with float, etc., at the plumber's; but when I found the price was $6, I concluded either to make one myself or get along without the luxury. I took a common stop-cock and made a lever of three-eighth-inch iron to fit it, and stapled the end to a block of pine eight inches square and about a foot long. This arrangement has been in use nearly a year, has always kept the trough full, and has not been touched. Of course, the cattle had to be fenced away from the end of the trough containing the valve. A fence is built around the trough so that the cattle cannot get into or foul the water, but have to put their heads under a two-by-six-inch plank to reach it. See Fig. 2.—Cor. Rural New Yorker.

How to Manure for Onions.

As to manures, onions are great feeders and like something to select from. I advise applying at least ten cords of barnyard manure per acre, or its equivalent. Farmers in the vicinity of Boston use twenty cords of stable manure, but I think it better to use half the quantity of manure, and the other half in commercial fertilizers, or, cheaper yet, to use all fertilizer. The latter can be applied at any period of growth, but there is danger from using a phosphate continuously. In Bermuda the onion growers use part sea manure and part commercial fertilizers. One of my neighbors uses ten cords of a mixture of barnyard manure, sea manure and night soil, a very concentrated manure, probably equal to double the quantity of ordinary barnyard manure. I recommend the application of three hundred pounds of nitrate of soda per acre just as the crop begins to bottom; or, if the crop looks feeble, a complete fertilizer may be used. In all farming a good deal of manure seems to be misapplied, and I suggest the use of less manure and more of commercial fertilizer.—J. J. H. Gregory, in Farm and Home.

THE animals that are to have young should be given good, clean, airy, comfortable quarters. That fact ought to commend itself to everybody.

FARMYARD MANURE.

The Most Effectual Plan of Preventing Loss of Strength.

It is evident that farm or animal manure must be the principal dependence for keeping up fertility of the soil. The use of commercial fertilizers and green crops, as aids, is often advantageous, but they should not be relied upon exclusively. It is an item of considerable importance to make, save and apply all the manure possible; but at the same time it is also an item to do the work as economically as possible.

The soluble parts of the manure are much more valuable, and for this reason it is important to use plenty of material as absorbents, so as to retain all of the liquid and readily soluble portions. For the same reason it is also important to see that the manure is properly protected from rain, as this causes a loss by leaching and evaporation, and if manure is thrown into hills to rot, it should be protected from leaching rains.

Another item in rotting before hauling out is that during fermentation manure throws off organic matter in a gaseous form and unless considerable care is taken in handling there will be loss of nitrogen.

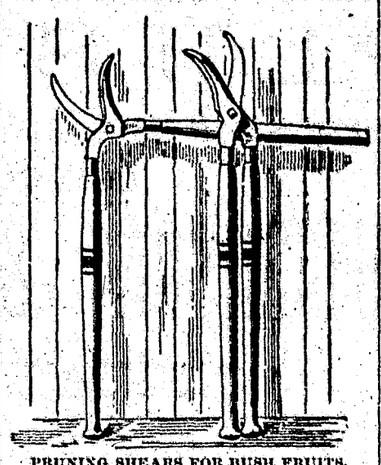
Some use gypsum, spreading in layers as the manure is thrown on, in order to assist in retaining the nitrogen.

The most effectual plan of preventing loss is to haul the manure and scatter directly on the fields where it is needed. If the ground is plowed there will be a very small loss of plant food in any form. On steep hillsides where there is a strong liability to wash, there may be some loss; on land that is reasonably level there will be little if any loss, the valuable parts being taken up and retained by the soil. Of course well rotted manure contains a larger per cent. of soluble matter, and will be of less benefit to the succeeding crops than when applied fresh. It requires time to thoroughly rot manure whether in piles in the yard, or in the field. There is more work and more risk of loss by piling and rotting before hauling out, and especially so if left without protection; but if properly handled it will decay in less time. The more thoroughly the manure is rotted and fined the more readily it can be incorporated with the soil, and the better the immediate results secured. Whichever plan is followed care must be taken to avoid waste, and at the same time lessen the cost of handling.—Prairie Farmer.

GOOD PRUNING SHEARS.

Just the Thing for Raspberries, Currants and Gooseberries.

The accompanying picture represents a pair of pruning shears both open and shut which I have used for two years with entire satisfaction. I am sure I



PRUNING SHEARS FOR BUSH FRUITS.

can do more work with them than with anything I ever tried. They come very handy for pruning all kinds of bush fruits, such as raspberries, blackberries, currants and gooseberries.

These shears cut both ways—that is, when the handles are open and when shut. The only drawback to their use, perhaps, is the price. The least I can have them made for is $2.50.—Popular Gardening.

Labeling and Registering Trees.

Many orchardists and owners of fruit gardens have set out fruit trees to some extent during the past autumn; the labels giving their names being exposed to wind and weather during the whole winter, have either become detached or defaced before another year, says the Country Gentleman. Sometimes the names are neglected for a few years, and when the new kinds begin to bear, then for the first time it is discovered that they are gone. There are two easy remedies for all this trouble: Register the names in a common account book, which you frequently turn to; and put on zinc labels, which we have described on some former occasions, consisting merely of a narrow strip of sheet-zinc, a few inches long, with the narrow end passed once around the side branches. The name, written on the slightly rusted face with a common lead pencil, will last a life time.

The Best Is None Too Good.

No breeder or farmer should believe or accept as a fact that any breed of swine or any individual animal is perfect, says the National Stockman. The force or strength of the meaning of the word "thoroughbred" increases with the improvement of the quality of the animals. No one realizes the worth of the adage that "the best is none too good" with more force than the true fancier and breeder. He is always looking for his ideal higher type and when found will pay fabulous sums for it.

A. N. K.—E. 1337

WHEN WRITING TO ADVERTISERS PLEASE state that you saw the Advertisement in this paper.

THE HERALD.

AN INDEPENDENT WEEKLY NEWSPAPER.

SATURDAY, APRIL 11, 1891.

W. H. BLAIR, Editor and Prop'r

PRICE $1.25 PER ANNUM.

Bismarck was born on April Fool's day. A very serious joke for Denmark, Austria and France.

The Kingdom of Italy bears a strong resemblance to a boot. Perhaps that is the reason it does so much "kicking."

The Springfield woman who married a chiropodist, who had visited her on professional business, had him at her feet even before he had fallen in love with her.

A philosopher on the Chicago Herald uses quite a bit of space in saying that people have too much to say. He illustrates the truth of his proposition in the making of it.

A house in Kingston, Mass., which was standing in 1694, was burned this week. A structure which had braved two centuries of summers and winters deserved a better fate.

In the present diplomatic rupture with Italy, there is no American, whatever his politics, who does not believe that the present Secretary of State is just the man for the occasion.

Minnesota seeks to purify her Senatoral elections with a little legislative chloride-of-lime. A bill is pending in its General Assembly which reduces the expenses of candidates to 1,000.

Sixteen South Carolinians chased a poor fox 42 miles the other for the pleasure of killing it. As long as men enjoy the putting to death of their weaker relatives they can stand more civilization.

The editor of the Montpelier, (O.) Leader observes a philanthoropic spirit among office-seekers. It says: "The woods are full of candidates this spring all ready to shake hands and find out about the health of your family."

It was Charles J. Bonaparte, a near relative of the French Bonapartes, who evicted a sick women into the rainy streets of Baltimore the other day. As far as heartlessness is concerned, he is not unworthy his illustrious kin.

The Boston Herald says that no one was ever able to find out what the politics of the late Rev. Howard Crosby was. But everybody knows that he was a positive force for good in the world, and with that information about a man details can be dispensed with.

A Baltimore man who was his own lawyer has just gone to the penitentiary for two years. But this is not necessarily a discredit to his powers as an advocate. Perhaps if someone else had defended him, he would have gone ten years.

Herr Joseph Frick, one of the oldest and most blatant anarchists of the time, died in Pittsburge the other day. He had been undermining established institutions with his mouth for more than a half century. He is a citizen now of the only absolutely pure democracy there is in this world, and has found the equality for which he yearned.

Rev. Minot J. Savage recently said: "If I was a dictator of this country I would shut up the saloons so tight that nothing but a charge of dynamite would open them. I would open the woods, the parks, the museums, and the libraries, and all the rests and uplifts refines". If Mr. Savage was noctator of any country he would find that he would have to adapt himself to a great extent to the prevailing tastes of the people who acknowledged his sway. The world cannot be reformed by any stroke of legislative or executive power. Human nature rises to higher level only by slow processes, and governmental edict can no more hurry them than they can hurry the acorn or the sapling into the gnarled and towering oak.

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CHURCH DIRECTORY.

Covenanter Church.—Rev T. C. Sproul, Pastor. Regular services at 11:00 a. m; Sabbath school at 10:00 a m

R. P. Church.—Rev. J. F. Morton, pastor. Services at 11:00 a m; Sabbath school at 10:00 a m.

M. E. Church.—Rev. G. L. Tufts, pastor. Preaching at 10:45 a m; Sabbath school at 9:30 a. m.; class, 3:00 p. m.; Young People's meeting at 7:00 p m; prayer meeting Wednesday evening at 7:00

U. P. Church.—Rev. J. C. Warnock, pastor. Services at 11:00 a m and 7 p m; Sabbath school at 10:00 a m

A. M. E. Church.—Rev. A. C. Spivey pastor. Services at 11:00 a m and 7:00 p m each Sabbath; Sabbath school 8:00 a m.

Baptist Church.—Rev. D. M Turner, pastor. Preaching every Sabbath at 11 a m, and 7:00 p m; Sabbath School at 2:00 o'clock p m; Prayer meeting Wednesday night.

CHINESE BANDITS.

The French of Tonkin at War with the Freebooters.

Outlaws and Pirates the Curse of the Indo-Chinese Peninsula — Their Methods of Plundering the Towns.

For over a year the French in Tonkin have been trying to destroy the bandit bands that infest the country. Bandits and pirates are the curse of the Indo-Chinese peninsula. The story has often been told of the hundreds of Chinese pirates who infest the large archipelago known as the Robber Islands, near the coast of Tonkin. These bands, in their little vessels, have preyed for many years upon commerce, but they have been at last nearly destroyed by the persistent efforts of the French and Chinese governments to root them out; now the French have an opportunity to turn their attention to the hundreds of bandit bands who terrorize the mainland.

Piracy and other forms of outlawry have existed for ages, says the New York Sun, not only in Tonkin, but also in the whole of Annam. These bands do not commit so many depredations when the harvests are good and the country is tranquil and prosperous; but in times of war, or when poor crops or epidemics afflict the land, they are the curse of Tonkin. Since the French occupied Cochin-China, in 1858, they have waged incessant war upon the bandits, and have at last nearly exterminated them in Annam. The native governments have always been powerless. They have often been obliged to negotiate with the robber bands, giving their officers dignities and money and apportioning lands among the robber soldiery.

The bands belong to two distinct categories. One class is well disciplined and armed with rapid-firing guns. It is composed almost exclusively of Chinese or of savage Muongs recruited in the mountains, who never visit the low, flat lands, and consequently the delta region, where the enormous crops of rice are raised, are free from them. They infest only the hilly and mountain regions of the interior, where they have hidden retreats and can easily get out of sight after a raid, and defend themselves when attacked.

Their little settlements are strongly fortified on all sides, and it is believed the forces sent against them have never taken them by surprise. From these fortified centers they spread over the country and live at the expense of the people. If the inhabitants suffer their depredations in quiet, none of them is killed. All the robbers want is a good living. If any resistance is made, however, the bandits are merciless, and their revenge is terrible. When armies are sent against them, if they consider the advancing force too large to resist, they do not await its approach, but are usually far away in the mountain fastnesses before the avenging forces reach their fortified places.

The bandits of the second category are less warlike, but more numerous than the others. There is scarcely a district in Tonkin that is not troubled with them. While the bandits described above are almost altogether Chinese, these robbers are natives of the country. Many of them are fugitive criminals who dare not return to their villages. In the wilderness they have acquired a taste for the wild life of the freebooter. They till the soil no longer, but live by robbery. Often they dwell in villages that are friendly to them. Five or six men form a little band, committing depredations only in regions that are quite a distance from the villages that shelter them. They are not so well armed as the Chinese bandits. Some of them have flint-locks, but most of them carry only swords or lances with iron points. They give to their bands imposing names, to impress the simple people and inspire terror. One band, for instance, is called the Heroes of the Country. They are too poddy prized to hazard an attack upon the French posts or populous villages.

They usually select little towns where they know there is considerable booty in the way of food and other plunder. On account of bandits, all villages are guarded by hedges of bamboo and cactus, and watchmen during the nighttime walk around the town. When the chief of a bandit band thinks the time favorable for a foray he rallies his men by an understood signal. Sometimes a big fire is kindled on a hilltop, or it may be a volley of musketry. At the signal all the bandits collect at the designated place, where they usually find a bounteous repast, as they do not believe in robbing villages upon empty stomachs. Then in the night they start for the village which is to be surprised. After reaching the unsuspecting settlement they send two or three men in advance, who noiselessly cut an opening in the thorny hedge, through which their comrades gain access to the huts within. Tonkinese watchmen are often known to sleep on their posts, and so it often happens that the bandits do not find it very difficult to surprise the town.

Once within the inclosure the bandits make a terrible noise, firing their guns and yelling like demons. As a rule, the people, thus rudely aroused from sleep, are frightened nearly to death, and offer no resistance to the bandits, who load themselves with every good thing they can find. If, however, the inhabitants offer resistance, their huts are set on fire, and the inmates are killed without mercy.

The French are finding that they have a big job on hand to break up this established institution of the country. Within the past few months they have captured two or three hundred of these bandits, have put the robber chiefs to death, and are keeping the humbler bandits in custody. The prospect is that their vigorous efforts will, in the course of time, make outlawry of this sort so unpleasant that the bandits will take to other pursuits. Then the people of Tonkin will be able to go to bed without the fear that they will be at the mercy of bandits before morning.

UNDER THE MICROSCOPE.

Inhabitants of a Drop of Water Described by a Red-Nosed Man.

"You asked me the other day why I entertained such a prejudice against water," said a gentleman with a toddy-blossom on the end of his nose to a Washington Star reporter. "If you will kindly gaze through this microscope I shall be able to explain without having recourse to wordy argument. I will take a drop of water from the tap here at the washstand. There! You observe I let it fall upon this little piece of glass. It is ready now for examination under the instrument, which I adjust to a high power. Let us see if, in swallowing this pure Potomac fluid which the people of Washington are obliged to consume, they do not imbibe very many extraordinary and uninviting creatures. Let us turn the reflector a little. Now there is a cheerful specimen right in the field of vision. Apply your eye to the microscope and drink him in, in imagination. Isn't he lovely?

"That, my dear sir, is a beast known scientifically as the 'bosmina longirostris.' The latter part of its name signifies long-beaked. Observe the coquettish pose of its hind leg. You drink lots of those fellows every day at meals.

"Let me move the glass a trifle, so as to bring into view another part of the drop. There are two rather unpleasant-looking fellows for you.

"That wormlike one, which you see squirming around in a transparent sac as if anxious to get out, is called an 'augullus.' 'Cyclops' is the name of the other, which resembles a young six-legged baby somewhat, I think. It is young, too, being newly hatched; but it will grow much bigger, which is a comfort. You yourself consume ever so many such.

"But look here! Now that I have moved the glass a trifle the other way, I have brought into view still another part of the drop, in which you may see cavorting the 'cyclops quadricornui,' so-called because it is a one-eyed monster, with four horns and ten legs. Take a look at him.

"I won't bore you with any more just now, but I could show you more than two hundred species of microscopic creatures in the water, each of them with a scientific name of its own. I might mention, for example, the vorticella of formidable jaws; the clostorium, precisely the shape of a pair of cow's horns; several species of hydra, with waving tentacles; and the 'amphora gigas' in the shape of an ornamental letter O. There are no end of things which these creatures imitate in form. One looks like a fish, but is not. Another resembles a broom, still another a coal scoop, and so on ad infinitum.

"Now, it is all very well for persons who are not acquainted with these things to drink water, but a microscopist like myself ought to know better. And when you consider the disease germs, like those of typhoid, which are so apt to haunt this fluid, you cannot but realize the desirability of avoiding it as I do."

Not to Be Blamed.

A merchant in Syracuse offered a young woman twenty yards of silk for a dress if she would saw half a cord of wood in front of his store. She borrowed a saw, spit on her hands, and went through that woodpile in just three hours, and the admiring crowd bought her a twelve-dollar hat to go with the dress.

TYPOGRAPHICAL BLUNDERS.

Specimens of Mistakes of More Than Usual Inelegance.

The mistakes in newspaper offices arising from the faulty chirography of occasional contributors have led to the publication of a few specimens, says the Rochester Post-Express. The Oswego Palladium refers to one instance, that of a Syracuse clergyman who gave the manuscript of a sermon of his to a reporter of the Standard, for the purpose of making an abstract of the discourse for publication. The manuscript said of John Wesley that "though only a presbyter, he himself ordained Thomas Coke to the office of episcopacy." The preacher's penmanship was so bad, however, that the reporter made out this statement to mean and read "though only a Presbyterian, he himself ordained his cook to the office of episcopacy." The Brooklyn Eagle follows this up by relating how some manuscript of Dr. Talmage came to its office at one time in which occurred the words: "My text finds on. Lord." When the words appeared in print they were neatly transformed to read: "My tall friend, our Lord." Horace Greeley's manuscript was a puzzle to most people, and therefore it is not to be wondered at when he wrote: "'Tis true, 'tis pity, 'tis pity, 'tis true," the types made him say: "'Tis two, 'tis fifty; yes, 'tis fifty-two." On a Rochester daily a few years ago a reporter wound up a sketch of a little boy who had died from the effects of an explosion of firecrackers which he carried in his pockets in these words: "His afflicted and bereaved parents will have the sympathy," etc. The announcement as it appeared in print was an offer of sympathy to "his afflicted and burned pants."

A New York compositor, accustomed to setting up the marine news of his paper, and who therefore found it convenient to set up and save names of cities and towns along the Atlantic coast, made himself famous by an amusing error. 'Tis copy described how a gentleman had met death by the "hand of divine Providence." To save time he reached up among the list for the word Providence, of Rhode Island fame, but in his haste, took the wrong word. When the paper came out the acquaintances of the deceased learned for the first time that their former friend had been removed by the "hand of divine Nantucket."

Notice.

The undersigned has been duly appointed executor of the last will and testament of Jeannette B. Orr, late of Greene county, Ohio, deceased. All persons indebted to the estate are requested to make immediate payment, and those having claims against the same will present them duly authenticated, to the undersigned for allowance. JAMES R. ORR.
Executor of Jeannette B. Orr, deceased.
20th day of February 1891.

The Cedarville Herald

W. H. BLAIR, Publisher.

CEDARVILLE, : : : OHIO,

SOME RARE EXCEPTIONS.

There was a woman all alone
  Within a gloomy house,
Who in the watches of the night
  Beheld an awful mouse.
And then the woman, fair but frail,
  In wildest terror fled?
Ah, no! She caught it by the tail
  And soon the mouse was dead.

A fellow loved a maiden once,
  And she became his bride,
And pretty soon his wife's mamma
  Came with them to reside.
And then they fought like cats and dogs
  And never could agree?
Ah, no! They live together yet
  In peace and harmony.

Once on a time a thoughtless boy
  Who sought to have some fun
Heedlessly at a playmate aimed
  A rusty, broken gun.
And one fair youth was killed and one
  Was fearfully alarmed?
Ah, no! It wasn't loaded, so
  That neither one was harmed.

A girl who'd taken lessons
  At a cooking school or two
Her heart unto her suitor gave,
  As women often do.
He ate some cake she made and then
  He died, poor hapless man?
Ah, no! He says his wife can bake
  "As good as mother can."

A youth who loved his sweetheart
  As he loved his very life
Fell on his knees and begged of her
  To be his darling wife.
Ha, ha! And then she told him
  That she would his sister be?
Ah, no! They soon were married
  And are living happily.

—Chicago Post.

AVENGED AT LAST;

Or, a World-Wide Chase.

A STORY OF RETRIBUTION.

BY "WABASH."

[COPYRIGHT, 1890.]

CHAPTER XIII.—CONTINUED.

"Dear me," said Mr. Wilcox, "but this matter is getting serious. Here's that young grocer again. He was here last night, too; he'll begin to think he owns the place very soon, and all because he happened to be laid up a week or two on account of an accident. It would have been better for all concerned if he had taken the five hundred dollars we offered him; we should then have been rid of him with all obligations canceled."

"Armida tells me he makes very rapid progress in his studies and is really a very remarkable man," responded Mrs. Delaro, without accepting Mr. Wilcox's remarks in their serious sense. Then noticing that her apparently light manner of treating a subject which each had a short time before thought so serious did not seem to please Mr. Wilcox, who remained perfectly silent and, continued to read the evening paper, she again spoke: "Mr. Wilcox." The tone in which she addressed her old friend was quite sufficient; had the paper been hot the venerable millionaire could not have dropped it quicker, and in an instant he was all attention. "Do you not think it would be wise to concoct some plan whereby we could, for a time at least, interrupt the studies which are being pursued with such indefatigable zeal in this house?"

"That is something which has occurred to me very many times of late, but I have been waiting for the first suggestion to come from you," was the answer.

"And I am very much puzzled to conceive of a suggestion which is worth offering," answered the widow.

For a few moments they both appeared to be lost in thought, from which

"IT IS FAR TOO SERIOUS A MATTER TO BE TRIFLED WITH."

quiet state they converged simultaneously. "Sup—" they began together, and both smiled. Mrs. Delaro gave way to Mr. Wilcox, who said: "I will wager a pair of gloves, which is the most serious amount I ever bet in my life, that we are each thinking of the same thing."

"That is probably so," said Mrs. Delaro, "but I will defer to you and permit you to give your suggestion first."

"Well, I was about to say, suppose that when Percy comes back we all go to Europe."

"Precisely the current of my thoughts," was Mrs. Delaro's ready response.

"Then Percy can not come back a moment too soon and this Mr. Emerick, wherever he is, can pursue his vocation without interruption. For Armida's future, which is really threatened" (and here the old man spoke with great earnestness) "is far too serious a matter to be trifled with, and must be sacredly guarded."

If Mrs. Delaro had only guessed the true meaning of these words of one of nature's gentlemen, she too would have rejoiced at their import, but she did not, or she would have been more earnest in her manner.

"Let Percy remain where he is for a few weeks longer, then if he does not meet with any success, cable him to return home," said the widow.

"At any rate I must send him a message to-morrow, for I have not had a word from him now for three weeks, and my instructions were that he should send a line or two at least once a week," were Mr. Wilcox's next words.

There was just the slightest look of alarm in Mrs. Delaro's face as she glanced up at Mr. Wilcox and questioningly said: "You do not mean that?"

"Indeed it is true," he replied.

"Then I fear some harm must have happened him," said Mrs. Delaro.

"No, I hardly think that. He may have had occasion to go up into the country hurriedly, and, anticipating that he might have a message of importance to send us, has delayed his communications. In fact, there are a hundred things which are liable to happen on a journey of that kind," were Mr. Wilcox's words as he again took up the paper.

"In the meantime I think it may be as well to caution Armida, mildly, about making too free with Eugene Bregy. And by the by I forgot to tell you" (here Mrs. Delaro indulged in a suppressed ripple of merry laughter) "that your old friend Mr. Blodger who turned up again so unexpectedly a few days since has made it his business to investigate into the antecedents of this bumptious young grocer, as he terms him, but he does not appear to have any thing to report at present beyond the fact that Mrs. Bregy is a very estimable woman and knows good soap from bad."

"When Blodger dies," said Mr. Wilcox," I think some one will have to invent an imperishable soap monument to place over his grave, for I never knew a man so devoted to it. He must have made a great study of the article, but having made a fortune in its manufacture I think he should limit his present acquaintance with it to that required for personal toilet purpose."

After this Mrs. Delaro resumed her fancy work, which she continued until she leaned back in her chair and listened to her daughter's voice in the room across the hall until she almost fell asleep under its sweet influence. As for Mr. Wilcox, he read his paper until he too succumbed to the benign influence of the sweet strains of vocal music.

Armida all this time had been alternately conversing with and teaching Eugene in blissful ignorance that she was the cause of so much concern to her mother and self-appointed guardian. It had never once occurred to her innocent mind that her intercourse with the bright young Frenchman possessed even the slightest element of danger to herself or any one else concerned. Yet her pleasure in his society was of a most genuine nature.

To-night there had not been much study, for Armida was in too gay a mood, and she entertained Eugene in much the same manner as if he were a high-bred lover who had never known what it was to wear an apron or roll a barrel of sugar. The young grocer was in an ecstacy of delight and almost revelled in the mild enjoyment of the hour. Armida's influence had awakened bright aspirations in his heart; new feelings had found birth in that susceptible organ and he lived but to leave the store each evening and bask in the bright sunshine of his idol's presence. He did not love Armida—he worshiped her with the same adulation which a slave might render a princess. They were familiar to a degree with each other, and yet were very far apart. Nevertheless they neither of them ever once recognized the dangerous character of the ground on which they stood. An interested observer would have prophesied that something must soon happen which would expose to their view the dangerous shoals upon which they were fast drifting. And so it was. This very night Armida was to change the whole current of Eugene's thoughts, and she did it in a song—one (as she admitted to Eugene) that she had written herself and had asked an old German professor to set the music for her.

Had she merely sung it and never drawn his attention to it in so marked a manner he might have listened to the sweet tones without ever noticing the words, but as he sat and listened to her and noticed the quiet earnestness with which she wrought out the full meaning of each line, his heart beat rapidly and loud. The words were simple but they were set to most effective music, both words and music being interpreted to their fullest extent by Armida's expressive singing:

When my ship comes in—when my ship comes in—
Shall I hear sweet strains of music thro' the busy city's din,
Heralding my hero lover, whom I've pictured in my dreams,
Till his face, so fair and handsome, a reality now seems?

When my ship comes in—will he stoop on bended knee
And tell of weary days and hours in which he longed for me?
And as he slowly rises will he fill my heart with bliss
While he folds me closely to him and our lips meet with a kiss?

When my ship comes in—will it bring me jewels rare
To clasp around my neck and arms, to twine within my hair?
Will it bring me silks and satins and costly laces old,
Will it bring me richest perfumes and coffers filled with gold?

When my ship comes in—it will empty be for me—
Though all the gems of Orient, all the jewels of the sea,
All the treasures of the Indies, its rich cargo should comprise,
If my ideal lover comes not then, to cheer my waiting eyes.

When my ship comes in—I care not if it be
The tiniest of craft that ever sailed upon the sea,
If it brings my knightly hero, though no wealth of gold has he;
I will welcome him so gladly, and my true heart he may win,
Forever and forever—when my ship comes in.

She sang the song right through and as the last vibrating sounds of the accompaniment died away she turned around on her stool as though to mark the effect on her listener. There he sat entranced and spoke not a word.

"Have you nothing to say about my song, Mr. Bregy?" she asked.

"It is very beautiful," was all he said.

"Now, do not suppose that I am fishing for compliments, for nothing was farther from my thoughts. But I do like people to say something, even if it is disagreeable, when I sing a song, and especially one of my own composing," she said in a half joking manner. But the young man before her was in no joking mood. "Could it be," he thought, in a moment of almost ecstacy, "that she meant those words for me?" And as he pondered he said, to himself: "Some day I will ask her."

Just at this moment Mr. Wilcox looked over to Mrs. Delaro and said: "Is that Harlem gentleman going to stay here all night?"

"They certainly must be too busily engaged to notice the time," was the reply, "but I will remind Armida, by walking into the parlor, that I am preparing to retire," and with these words she rose to put her words into effect.

When Mrs. Delaro walked into the parlor she spoke very kindly to Eugene and no one could have told that she cherished any feelings of suspicion towards him. They conversed together for some moments, during which Mrs. Delaro made kindly inquiries regarding Mrs. Bregy. This seemed to remind Eugene of a duty he had to perform and he commenced it by asking Mrs. Delaro if she could give him Mr. Blodger's address, as he and his mother wished to see him on some business matters. As they had never seen Mr. Blodger except at their store they had never known his address. Mrs. Delaro told Eugene where he could find Mr. Blodger most of the time, and Eugene in confidence said that Mr. Blodger had offered to rent him a larger and more convenient store a little farther down-town, and it was on that account he wished to see him.

As Eugene finally rose to go Mr. Wilcox joined the party and Mrs. Delaro observed that he would probably willingly carry a message to Mr. Blodger from Eugene as he saw that gentleman down town nearly every morning. But Eugene was not disposed to intrust Mr. Wilcox with his business, as he said: "Oh, it does not matter," and then bid them all good night.

Before retiring Armida and her mother sat for a long time talking in the firelight. "Why, mamma, how serious you are becoming," said Armida.

"This is a serious matter," said her mother. "You know not what hopes and aspirations you may have already engendered in that young man's heart, nor into what foolish delusions you may lead him."

"I had never thought of it in that light, mamma, dear," was the reply.

"But it demands your thought, my child."

"And must I tell him not to come again?"

"Well, no, not quite that, but do not invite him quite so often," said the sweet-tempered widow, as she kissed the one treasure of her widowhood.

CHAPTER XIV.

"Good afternoon, Mrs. Bregy," said Mr. Blodger, as he entered the store on the following afternoon. He had come up to Harlem to inspect some buildings which he was having erected, and thought he would call on his prospective tenant on the way home. "How are you, and how is the grocery business?"

"Well, my health is good, and business is as good as usual," was the ready response.

"And where is your son to-day?"

"He has just gone to put the horse in the stable and will be back in a few moments."

Upon hearing this reply Mr. Blodger seated himself on an upturned cracker barrel and resumed: "Mrs. Bregy, that son of yours is a very industrious young man and is sure to prosper."

"Yes, he works very hard," asserted the lady, "but it is uphill work and there is a great deal to contend with in running a store."

"I don't doubt it, for I have had my own experience and know what it is; still perseverance will overcome every thing, and many a hindrance have I found in my way," said Mr. Blodger.

"Did I understand you to say that you were once in the soap business?" asked Mrs. Bregy.

"Yes, ma'am, until recent years I was engaged in the manufacture of that very useful and necessary commodity." Here he picked up a sample from a box at his side, smelled it, examined it with a critical eye, and continued: "But I am no longer identified with that business, although the name of Blodger will live as long as there is nothing invented to supersede the use of soap."

"Then soap has made you the wealthy man you are to-day?" said Mrs. Bregy.

"Yes, madam," replied the talkative old fellow, "I owe a good deal to soap. I am tolerably well off, and it is a great deal of satisfaction to know that while I have been accumulating a fair competence I have at the same time been helping to make the world a good deal cleaner. And, by the way, I attribute not a little of my success to my knowledge of the best methods of bringing my soap to the notice of the public and singing its praises in verse. Allow me," said Blodger, producing what looked amazingly like a scrap-book from the recesses of his coat pocket, "to read to you what was conceded by all to be my best effort in that line. A gen-u-ine (he was lapsing into soap once more) literary production, one which set all the people of the United States talking and wondering who wrote it on the

"AND WHERE IS YOUR SON TO-DAY?"

morning when it appeared, at the foot of an elegant cut of a washtub, in all the newspapers from Maine to California. Here it is:

"A knotty problem in this world
  With which we have to cope
Is how to keep our faces clean—
  'Tis solved by *Blodger's soap*.

St. Paul of old said: "Great are faith
  And charity and hope"—
But greater far than these, my friends,
  Is *Blodger's matchless soap*.

'Tis used to wash the trotters of
  His holiness the Pope,
And little children slack their thirst
  With suds from *Blodger's soap*.

None genuine without these verses on the wrapper, over the signature of Stephen Blodger. For sale by all Grocers and Druggists throughout the country.'"

Mr. Blodger looked round with an air of pride as he finished reading and gracefully accepted the commendations which his verses drew forth from Mrs. Bregy.

Before he could continue the conversation, however, some customers came in and his listener had to wait on them. No sooner was the store clear again than the letter carrier stood in the doorway and, in the manner peculiar to New York postmen, who are always in such a hurry, he flipped a letter into the store from between his fingers and did not even wait to see it drop in the pan underneath the molasses barrel.

"That's a gentlemanly way of handing in a letter," said Mr. Blodger, while Mrs. Bregy picked it up and wiped it.

"I guess the poor fellows are on their feet so long and have so far to walk that they won't step a yard farther than they can possibly help," said Mrs. Bregy, sympathetically.

Then she tore open the end of the envelope and drew out the letter which she commenced to read.

"Whatever can this mean? It is from a lawyer's office." Then she commenced over again and read aloud:

"Dear Madam—

If you will please call at our office at your earliest convenience, you will hear of something to your advantage.

Yours very truly,
BROUSE & TANNER."

"Brouse & Tanner?" said Mr. Blodger. "Why, they are my lawyers in Temple Court; whatever can they want with you?"

"That is something I can not even guess at," exclaimed the excited woman. "It may be they can tell me where my dear husband is."

"Oh, no, it can't be that. They would have nothing to do with any thing that concerned your husband; that could not possibly be," said Mr. Blodger. Just then Eugene walked in, and after shaking hands heartily with Mr. Blodger he received the letter which his mother handed to him, and as he read it wondered what it could mean. He gave his wonderment expression, and asked as much. Neither could answer him, so it remained for him to make the suggestion that as it was only just turned two o'clock his mother might as well go down-town to Brouse & Tanner's office and find out all about it.

"Certainly," said Mr. Blodger, "and I'll go along. You can't be too careful with these lawyer fellows."

It did not take long for Mrs. Bregy to prepare herself, and very soon the people of the neighborhood poked their heads out of the window to see that "stuck up" woman from the grocery walk down the street to the elevated railroad with the retired soap manufacturer.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE largest tree in the world is reported to have been recently found in California measuring 176 feet in circumference at a distance of six feet from the ground. This would give a diameter of about ninty feet.

AN IN-CANT-ATION.

You can lead a horse to water,
but you cannot make him drink;
You can send a fool to college,
but you cannot make him think;
You may keep your daughter strumming
[illegible]
But you can't [illegible]
if she hasn't [illegible].

You can never make a farmer
of a boy who loves the sea,
Though you may make him plow and plant
and when and how and [illegible].
It's no use to swear and bluster
because your only son
Prefers the girl he met in the car
to your selected one;
You might as well switch off that track,
for love is lord of pelf,
And, besides, it's more than likely
that you know how 'tis yourself.

You cannot make a citizen,
let him be black or white,
Of the man who doesn't know enough
to cipher, read and write.
You cannot change the rooster's strut,
nor make the layers crow,
Though you may honestly believe
it would be better so.
You cannot make a parson
of the stage-struck, Romeo-lad;
And if you ever do succeed,
you'll wish you never had.

There is only one thing meaner,
and that's to have to see
The name of your neighbor's numbskull
finished with M. D.
But all these things, and more beside,
we may expect to bear,
Until the numbskull kills us,
and the Romeo says the prayer.
—Eleanor Mirk, in Puck.

AUNT CLARA'S DOLLY.

She Left Her as a Legacy to Her Two Orphaned Nieces.

SISTER MOLLIE and I were orphans. We lived in the town of Sheldon, in middle Tennessee. Father died in the spring of 1856; mother followed him a month later, and then Mollie and I were alone in the world. Father had been a minister and of course died poor. All of our possessions consisted of a small house and about an acre of ground in Sheldon, but the long period of ill health of our parents, together with the funeral expenses, had put a three hundred dollar mortgage on the property, so we could hardly say the roof that covered us was our own.

Mollie was but sixteen; I was four years her senior. Being well educated, I succeeded in getting the public school in our town, and, though the pay was small we managed to live on it. Mollie I was determined should keep at her studies for a year or two more. Somehow we couldn't save a cent to pay on that mortgage, and it kept growing larger all the while. One day John Easton, the man who held it, came over. I had just returned from school. He said:

"Miss Alice, I thought I'd call and tell you I can't carry that mortgage any longer. I need the money. It was due last fall, but I thought I'd let it run as long as I could, but I must have the money the 1st of October or I shall have to foreclose, which I should mightily hate to do. Times have been so hard with me the last year or two that I must have it. The interest added to the mortgage will swell the amount to $420 October 1."

Now, I couldn't see for the life of me how we were ever going to pay that money. It seemed that we must lose

AUNT DOLLY MET US AT THE DOOR.

our home, and that night I told Mollie all about it.

"Well, Alice," said she, "I'll have to quit school and go to work."

"Yes," said I, "but what work could you get by which we could save money enough to pay that mortgage by October?" I can't see any object in your stopping your studies. We'll have to let the old home go, I go it must. Perhaps we can rent it of the party who buys it.

Of course we had a crying spell over the prospect before us. We had been born under that roof, and it seemed sad indeed to have it pass into other hands. The next evening when I came home from school I found a letter there that Mollie had brought from the office. It was from Aunt Clara in Nashville. She was the only relative we had on earth, to my knowledge. She was my father's old maid sister, and had lived in Nashville all her life. Now she was an old, old woman. She had visited us once or twice while father was alive. The letter read:

"DEAR NIECES: I am dying. Come at once and bring Mollie.

CLARA EVANS."

It managed to scrape money enough together to pay our way to Nashville. We found Aunt Clara in a humble cottage near the depot. She was evidently near death's door. Poor old soul! She had been for years an invalid, it seemed, and all the money she had laid by in her youth her later years had found none for. She lived alone in the cottage with Aunt Dolly, an old rheumatic negress whom she had bought twenty-five years before. When Aunt Clara was a younger woman Dolly had belonged to a Mrs. Bacon, with whom Aunt Clara boarded. Mrs. Bacon died suddenly and everything she had was sold at auction. Dolly had become attached to my aunt, and begged so hard that she buy her that my aunt actually paid the last dollar she had in the world for her. Then she rented the cottage, and there my aunt and Dolly had lived for twenty-five years, and grown old together as mistress and slave. But very little Dolly knew about slavery. I guess it would have been hard to have told which was mistress in the cottage. Aunt taught in the public schools for a number of years, and Dolly cooked, took care of the cottage and sold hot coffee, sandwiches, pies, cakes and apples at the depot. Her round, black face had been a familiar sight there for many years. My aunt's health had been such that she had ceased teaching fully ten years before and Dolly had proved the prop of her declining years. Aunt Dolly met us at the door.

"Bless your souls, honeys! Is you de nieces ob my ole missus? You ain' come none too soon. She mose gone to de Hebbenly sho'." Tears were rolling down Aunt Dolly's cheeks. She took us directly to Aunt Clara's bedside.

"Anice—Mollie," said my aunt, who lay propped up in bed, "I thank the Lord that He has permitted me to live to see you once more, though but to say farewell. Dolly has my will. I have left you everything I had, though, my dears, that is but little. For years I have been an invalid. There are some railroad shares which are worth nothing now, but in time they may be. The greatest treasure I leave you is my faithful Dolly. Be good to her and take care of her as she has taken care of me in my old age."

The next day Aunt Clara quietly passed away. Mollie and I had seen her but two or three times. We grieved over her death, but our grief was nothing in comparison with the grief of poor, heartbroken Aunt Dolly. I shall never forget how poor Dolly sunk on her knees at the bedside: "Mars' Jesus, is you got my missus? I know you is, for dar ain' no mo' like her. Ain' you gwine tak black Dolly 'long, too? Won' she need me ober dar? Please, Jesus, take Dolly 'long?"

She was inconsolable. The second day after aunt's death we laid her at rest in the cemetery at Nashville. Her will, as she said, put us in possession of her all, which consisted of the furniture in the cottage, the worthless railroad bonds, $134 in money and poor old Aunt Dolly. Dolly didn't want to leave Nashville, but we thought it best to take her away for a time. So we persuaded her to pack what she would need in a trunk of her old mistress, and told her she could come back in the fall if she wished. So we went back to our home in Sheldon and left the cottage locked up. I resumed my school and Mollie her studies. I had taken most of the $134 aunt left to pay the funeral expenses and get us back to Sheldon. Aunt Dolly assumed care of the house and the first thing I knew she was hobbling down to the Sheldon depot two or three times a day with a huge basket of sandwiches, cake, pies and coffee. She never asked me for any money, and I thought she must make enough to buy the material, but when at the end of the month I went to the grocer and butcher to pay our bill he said: "You don't owe anything. Aunt Dolly has paid it all."

I was surprised, for we had lived better than ever before. Dolly was a splendid cook. She was always talking of old missis. I often saw her stop cooking, go to her trunk, take out a photograph of Aunt Clara, and talk to it as though Aunt Clara was there in person.

Time wore on till the 1st of October arrived. The mortgage was foreclosed, and the next day our home was to be sold at auction. That night after supper Mollie and I were sitting in the front parlor crying when Aunt Dolly came in.

"Dar now, you chillen, I knowed suthin' was de matter. What is it, honeys? Tell ole Dolly."

So I told her all about it.

"Four hundred and twenty dollars! Dat's a heap, ain't it, honey?"

"Yes, Aunt Dolly, it's a great deal when we need it and have nothing."

"Hole on a minute, honey," and she went hobbling out. Pretty soon she came back carrying a bundle in her arms. She kneeled down on the carpet and unrolled it till she came to two of her old missis' stockings, filled with something and tied at the top. She untied them and emptied on the floor to our astonished gaze a shining heap of gold and silver coin.

"'Twas all saved from sellin' dem sandwiches, an' cakes, an' pies, an' coffee, an' apples fer de pas' twenty-five years. 'Twus all fer ole m sis when ebe she need it. But she ne ber need it now," and the tears started from dear old Dolly's eyes. "Now, honey, it's yours. Is dar enough?"

"Oh, Dolly!" we both exclaimed, "we can't take your money."

"Hush, chillen, hush. Ism' I belong to you?"

"No, no, Aunt Dolly," and we were both crying harder than before, "we belong to you." And somehow we got mixed up and our arms were around Aunt Dolly's neck.

"Well, count dem, honey, count dem." And we counted out $1,280. There were coins there that had not seen the light of day for twenty-five years. The next day we paid off the mortgage. Shortly after Dolly wished to go back and visit the cottage, and we locked our house and returned to Nashville. The Sunday after we arrived there we three visited the cemetery. Aunt Dolly sunk on her knees by the side of her

"NOW, HONEY, IT'S YOURS."

old missis' grave and bowed her head on the green sod that covered it.

"Here's Dolly, ole missis; here's Dolly. Mars' Jesus, won't you take me 'long?"

We heard a few sobs, but did not disturb her till we thought it was time to go. I put my hand on her shoulder.

"Aunt Dolly, dear Aunt Dolly." She did not hear me. Jesus had taken her along, too. We laid her at rest beside her mistress. At her head is a marble slab on which is inscribed:

"Aunt Dolly.
Faithful and True."

The next year our railroad shares brought us $6,000. We often visit the grave of Aunt Clara and dear old Dolly, and it's hard to tell over which grave the tears flow most freely.—H. E. Scott, in Chicago News.

THE SCIENCE OF FAIRY TALES.

Legends and Beliefs Descended from Remote Antiquity.

The comparative mythologists have begun to turn their attention to fairy tales. It is a fascinating subject, and some of the conclusions reached are highly interesting, whether or not we accept the scientific and historical significance imputed to fairy lore.

The investigators find fairyland very human in its organization. Its inhabitants marry, sometimes among themselves, sometimes into mankind. They have children born to them, and they require at such times female assistance. They steal children from men, and leave their own offspring in exchange—the so-called changelings. Their females sometimes become captive to men, but such unions are not lasting, for, on the first opportunity, the female fairy returns to her own land, and her husband must follow her there if he would regain her.

On the other hand, the mortal who enters fairyland and partakes of fairy food, is spellbound; he cannot return—at least, for many years—to the abodes of men. Among their human traits, it is observed that fairies are grateful to men for benefits conferred, and resentful for injuries. They never fail to reward those who do them a kindness, but their gifts usually have conditions which detract from their value.

Their chief distinction from men is their possession of unbounded magical powers. They appear and disappear at will. They make a long time seem short and a short time long. They change their own forms. They cast spells over mortals, and keep them spellbound for ages. All these customs and powers are imputed to the fairy folk wherever traditions about them are preserved. Such legends and beliefs bear witness to a remote antiquity. They have come down to us from prehistoric times. It seems probable that all of them rise out of the doctrine of spirits, the doctrine of transformations, and the belief in witchcraft, held by savage tribes.—N. Y. Ledger.

Dancers in Thibet.

Dancing enters into a great many of the religious ceremonies in Thibet, where the inhabitants spend a great part of their time in worship and its attendant festivals. Prince Henry of Orleans, eldest son of the duke of Chartres, recently returned from a journey of exploration in Central Thibet. With M. Bouvalot, the noted explorer, and a company of guides and servants, he crossed the desolate country between lakes Lob Nor and Tengri Nor, narrowly escaping loss among the glaciers. In Lhasa, the sequestered capital of Thibet, which they reached after many hardships, they saw many religious dances. The most striking of these was a dance by masked priests, decorated with the ropes with which they are accustomed to flagellate themselves. Despite the fact that Prince Henry was announced as a person of high degree, he got an occasional cut with the rope when his curiosity led him to crowd too near the dancers.—N. Y. Journal.

TEMPERANCE NOTES.

RUM AND LONGEVITY.

Total Abstinence Calculated to Prolong Human Life.

There is no doubt but that under the more favorable conditions of modern civilization the average span of human life is lengthening. We have more comfortable houses, better warmed and ventilated than the habitations of our ancestors. Our clothing is better fitted to protect the body from winter's cold; we eat better and more wholesome food, and, greater than all, possibly, we pay far more attention to the demands of personal cleanliness and to the proper sanitation of our dwellings.

Those individuals whose lives are lengthened through these means form so numerous a class in the entire aggregate of humanity that the average expectation of human life has been lengthened; and this is shown by the tables of the "expectation of life" of the life insurance companies. Since these tables were first prepared by a careful collation of statistics of ages at death of large numbers of individuals, the average time of death has been postponed beyond the date set in these tables, prepared something like a century ago.

It has for many years been a controverted question whether total abstinence really is a factor in lengthening the lives of those who observe it. Everybody admits that great excess in the use of liquors shortens life. The fact is too patent to common observation for anyone to deny it successfully. But the position has been maintained by many that the moderate use of liquors is beneficial, and to some extent aids in prolonging life itself. The large amount of data necessary to settle this question has never been accumulated until last year, when an English life insurance company made public the statistics which it had been for a number of years gathering upon this one point.

This company had been in business for twenty-five years, and has, for that period, kept two sets of records of the persons insured in it—the one composed of total abstainers, and all other risks in the other. As is well known, no life insurance company accepts risks on the lives of heavy drinkers; and this company excluded also from this record list all persons engaged in the liquor traffic. Hence we have, in these two records, a comparison between total abstainers and "moderate drinkers"—the very class for whom it has been claimed that liquor was always not harmful, and often directly beneficial. The results collated by the company afford us the first reliable data for determining the action of moderate drinking upon the length of human life.

For the five years ending December, 1885, the above mentioned company insured 4,527 lives in the "total abstinence section," and 6,709 in the "general section," as that embracing moderate drinkers as termed by the company.

In the "total abstinence section," the deaths were only 57 per cent. of the number of deaths to be expected according to the usual tables of mortality. In the "general section," the number of deaths were 76 per cent. of the number to be expected from the mortality tables.

This gives, therefore, the astonishing result that total abstinence gives 17 per cent. advantage in length of life over moderate drinking; or, to take another view of it, it prolongs the lives of those who follow it to that extent.

It may be said, however, that these figures are not absolutely conclusive. We admit that they are not, as regards the exact average amount of prolongation of life, but there can be no escape from the conclusion that even moderate drinking shortens life, and that one who indulges in that habit is much less likely to live to an advanced age than is a total abstainer.

This is confirmation of the view of the most advanced medical authorities that alcohol is, under all circumstances, a poison, and that its effects are proportioned to the amount taken into the system and the frequency of the dose. This position has long been taken by the Blade, and these statistics afford a fresh proof of its soundness. Another interesting fact in connection with the matter is the report of the medical examiner of the above-mentioned company, who says that in the examination of many thousands of applicants he has found that total abstainers, as a rule, exhibit a much cleaner condition of the tongue, resembling, indeed, that of a young child. His observations have also led him to concur with the late Baron Liebig in affirming that total abstainers eat more than moderate drinkers. This view depends upon the fact that liquors in the system retard the processes of tissue change, and the worn-out particles of the body are not gotten rid of as rapidly as they would normally be.

So one more of the stock arguments used to bolster up the use of rum as a beverage falls to the ground, never to be resuscitated. While it is true that some very old people have used it in moderation all their lives, these comparatively few do not make a rule for the rest of mankind. Probably if such cases were investigated closely the fact would be clear that they lived so long not because of their indulgence in rum, but in spite of it. There can be no doubt, in view of the careful observations made by this English insurance company, and the deductions drawn therefrom, that, for the great mass of humanity the only safe rule as to rum is: "Touch not, taste not, handle not." The friends of total abstinence should see to it that the facts in the matter shall have all possible publicity.—Toledo Blade.

COFFEE INEBRIETY.

Drunkenness Resulting from Excessive Coffee Drinking.

Cases of drunkenness resulting from the use of tea and coffee have been frequently reported, and several have been mentioned in medical journals in which the victims of tea and coffee inebriety had suffered from delirium tremens as a result of their pernicious practice. Dr. Mendel, of Berlin, has been making a clinical study of coffee inebriety. His studies were carried on chiefly among the women of the laboring classes in Essen and vicinity. He recently published a brief account of his researches. The victim of coffee inebriety is one of the most miserable of human beings. He is low spirited, sleepless, suffers frequent attacks of headache, which are relieved by coffee, but speedily return. His muscles are weak, his hands tremble, he has inability and aversion for work, his heart action is feeble, he suffers from palpitation and great pain in the region of the heart. The complexion is sallow, hands and feet are cold, the face wears an anxious and pained expression. The patient suffers from a great variety of dyspeptic symptoms, from inflammations of various sorts, and often acquires the red nose which is generally considered characteristic of alcoholic inebriety, and hence called the rum-blossom.

Many of these distressing symptoms are temporarily relieved by stronger doses of coffee, only to return when the effect of the stimulant wears off. Dr. Crothers, in referring to these researches, calls attention to the fact that coffee drunkenness is increasing in this country, and that "the coffee drinker, after a time, turns to alcohol, and becomes a constant drinker. In other cases opium is taken as a substitute. Coffee inebriates are more common among the neurasthenics, and are more concealed because the effects of excessive doses of coffee are obscure and largely unknown. Many opium and alcoholic cases have an early history of excessive use of coffee, and are always more degenerate and difficult to treat."—Good Health.

LOCATION OF THE SALOON.

The Kind of Business That People Don't Want Next Door.

There is a world of suggestion in the fact that very few men can be found even among those who uphold the liquor traffic in general, and who vote for its perpetuation, who are willing to have a saloon planted near their own doors. It must be a cause of sad and painful surprise to a poor and guileless saloon keeper, who has been sustained in his business for years largely by the votes and influence of a class of eminently respectable and well to do people, to find how much he is not wanted when he attempts to transfer his place of business into the midst of his eminently respectable and well to do advocates and sympathizers. It was the lamented Artemas Ward who said that after long experience he had found that the only comfortable place to have a boil was on some other man. So the general feeling seems to be that the only good location for a saloon is next to some other man. The situation is such, however, that, as a rule, only those who have wealth and influence are able to dictate the location of saloons—to put them next to some other man. It is of little avail for the poor and humble dwellers in the tenement districts to protest against the saloons. No one cares how many rum-shops are thrust upon them. They who are the weakest and least able to withstand the temptations of the grog-shops must be made to suffer their vicious and contaminating presence whether they will or no.—Christian at Work.

FACTS AND NOTES.

FOUR great brewers now sit in the house of lords, having the power to defeat if possible any measure passed by the people's representatives which strikes a blow at the drink demon.

FLAVORING food with intoxicating liquor, as, for instance, wine in sauce and brandy in mince pies, is suggested as a sure way to train young people to ruinous taste for strong drink.—Coleman's Rural World.

IN Cincinnati a few nights ago a policeman passing by one of the most dangerous railroad crossings in the city found the flagman reclining in a drunken condition on the sidewalk with his signal lamp overturned and broken beside him.

THE Dominion W. C. T. U., which includes the provincial unions of Ontario, Quebec, Maritime Province, British Columbia and Manitoba, number 368 unions, with a membership of 9,000—46 young woman's unions and 122 children's societies, the latter having a membership of 19,000.

THE South Australian educational department has issued a temperance pledge book for use in the state schools, with this pledge: "With my parents' consent I promise not to use intoxicating liquors before I am twenty-one years old, and to do all I can to induce my companions in the same way."

A LEADING manufacturer in Bessbrook, Ireland, wisely refuses to concede the term "the trade" to the liquor traffic of the north of Ireland. "The trade there," he says, "is the linen trade, a pure, useful trade, which is, in fact, the only kind of business that can be called a 'trade.' The reverse is the case with the manufacture, sale and consumption of strong drink."

THE HERALD.

AN INDEPENDENT WEEKLY NEWSPAPER.

SATURDAY, APRIL 11, 1891.

W. H. BLAIR, Editor and Prop'r

PRICE $1.25 PER ANNUM.

Mrs. Martha Ramsey is very sick.

Mrs. Hattie Combs was very sick Monday.

Spring repair work at Murray's harness shop.

A son was born to Mrs. Gertrude Fields, Thursday.

Ursie Walker who has been very ill with the pneumonia is improving.

Halters, collars and all kinds of harness sundries at James Murray's

Miss May Robinson of Xenia, visited Miss Lida Torrence, this week.

Wm. Hatcher, of Dayton, was the guest of Mr. M. R. Badger, Wednesday.

Friends of Miss Florence Barber gave her quite a pleasant surprise last evening.

Senator Edmunds has tendered his resignation as U. S. Senator from Vermont.

Master Frank Clark, George Wood and Sam Clark visited George Boyd this week.

James Murray is doing all kinds of harness repairing and making new work to order.

Mr. and Mrs. J. C. McMillan, of South Charleston, visited friends in Cedarville this week.

Mrs. Alice Johnson has commenced housekeeping in the property recently vacated by Mack Bull.

Miss Susie Hensel entertained a number of friends with a crokinole party Thursday evening.

Arch McMillan of Springfield, was shaking hands with old friends in Cedarville, one day this week.

C. E. Cooley has a good work horse for sale at the John Kyle farm, suitable for farming or teaming.

A crowd of young folks from this place spent Thursday evening at the hospitable home of Miss Reynolds Xenia.

Mrs. Clem Todd, a colored lady of east Cedarville, died Thursday morning of la grippe. The burial will take place to-day.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Truesdale wish to thank their many friends for their kindness during the late illness of their infant child.

Foster Kyle has returned home from Toronto, Canada, where he has been attending a veterinary institute. He has graduated and is now a full pledged veterinary surgeon.

The HERALD was mistaken in the statement that the child of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Truesdale that was buried last week was eight years old. It should have been eight months.

John Harbinson was in Chilicothe this week in the interest of the Wood's washer, and sold fourteen townships during his two days stay. Salesmen have no trouble to sell either machine or territory.

There will be no preaching at the M. E. church tomorrow on account of quarterly meeting at Clifton. Sunday school in the morning and Epworth league at night. Preaching week from tomorrow both morning and night.

Chas. Jones, Cedarville's famous baseballist has signed with the club of Ottumwa, Iowa, and will start for that place Monday. Aurora, Illinois also claims a contract with him for the coming season, and sent him an advanced payment to come there, but Charley says they are mistaken as he has made only the one contract.

J. R. McElroy and wife are in Cincinnati this week.

Will Ewry left last night for Parkersburg, West Virginia, where we understand he will locate.

Wile Walker, formerly of this place but now of Chillicothe is in Cedarville this week attending to business.

Charley Nesbitt had his wrist strained so badly this week that he is obiged to take a "lay off" for a short time.

There was a washout on the Pan Handle near Orgonia Thursday which delayed the east bound mail train about two hours.

While Dr. Snider was defeated for representative he bears the honor of being the only defeated candidate who took his defeat philosophically.

Frank Irvine, this week purchased the property on Church street belonging to Wile Walker for $375. The trade was made through James Andrew.

M. J. Harris, who was located here last fall in connection with E. E. Murdock, is to become a benedict next Tuesday. The young ladies who seemed so badly smitten with his fascinations during his short stay here, will doubtless read this and weep.

The Postal telegraph company have decided to put in an office at this point, and Bliss Homan will manipuate the instrument. This company claims lower rates and quicker service than the Western Union. The office will be opened by May 1st.

There is talk that a stock company is to be organized here this spring for the purpose of erecting an evaporator with a capacity of fifty barrels per day, that will employ about thirty-five hands during the season. Messrs E. E. Murdock and James Gowdy are the projectors.

W. K. Cooper was taken violently ill the first of the week and when the physician, Dr. Oglesbee arrived at the residence, his friends supposed he was dead, but the doctor found faint signs of life and soon succeeded in reviving him, and it is now hoped he is entirely out of danger.

Jefferson Paullin, one of the most highly respected citizens of Ross township, died at his home Tuesday evening at 6 o'clock from the effects of the la grippe. The funeral was preached in the Christian church at Jamestown, Thursday at high noon by Rev. Newhouse of Piqua.

A bill has passed both branches of the legislature allowing the council of Cedarville to issue bonds to the amount of $1,500 to cover the deficiency now existing in the treasury. We understand it is only to furnish the council with money until the surities of Mr. Crain can realize on his stock of goods.

Mrs. Wm. Bull, an old resident of Cedarville and vicinity, died at the home of her son Samuel, at New Philadelphia, last Monday. The funeral took place from the residence of the daughter of the deceased, Mrs. Wm. Hutchinson at Goe's Station, Thursday. A number of relatives and friends from here attended the service.

Charley Smith, the hill barber, has decided to close his shop and will operate a chair in Johnson's shop, Xenia, having left for there this morning. Charley is a number one barber and had a good trade but he considered four barber shops in Cedarville entirely too many and as none of the others would leave, he concluded to do so.

James Shull, James Cline, Jacob Ford and Moss Jones were arrested at Clifton this week charged with using dynamite at the dam near that place for the purpose of killing fish. They appeared before the Squire at that place yesterday morning and were bound over to court in the sum of $100, each man signing his own bond. The men claim the charges to be false.

The election last Monday, though quiet was a hotly contested one for several offices. On the township ticket the fight for trustee was between H. A. Turnbull and A. M. Tonkinson, and the friends of both of these gentlemen made it exceedingly warm for their opponents during the day, while the result showed a difference of only seventeen votes. J. E. Lowry and J. P. Caldwell candidates for assessor made a lively canvas, and the defeated candidate could at least be proud of his vote. While there was three candidates for Justice of the peace, they did little or no electioneering. The following is the vote in full:

Trustee—H. A. Turnbull, 190; A. M. Tonkinson, 173; S. K. Williamson, 76; J. R. Orr, 42; Edwin Spencer, 17; W. H. Walker, 12.

Assessor—J. P. Caldwell, 280; J. E. Lowry, 219.

Justice—A. W. Osborne, 258; Luther Townsley, 120; Z. T. Phillips, 113.

Treasurer—Robt. Gray, 507.

Constable—two to elect, F. A. Tarbox, 439; John Cross, 393. The road supervisors of Cedarville township on G. W. Collins, D. S. Williamson, T. A. Spencer, W. H. Creswell, Chas. Turnbull, John Townsley, James McMillan, A. O. Bridgman, Henry Kyle and C. E. Cooley.

But little excitement existed regarding the corporation election. A feeling prevailed that the three old members of the council whose name was on the ticket should be elected and the fight for fourth place was about equally divided between G. W. Harper and Harve Owens, Mr. Harper's friends carrying the day by only a small majority. The following is the vote in full.

Councilmen—four to elect, Robt. Gray, 179; David McFarland, 160; G. W. Harper, 140; W. H. Shull, 115; Harve Owens, 107; James Gaines, 31; Berry Haggard, 31.

For Treasurer—Jacob Siegler, 201.

The school election did not commence until after the noon hour, and up to that time but little interest had been manifested. In fact there was trouble to secure the name of any person who would consent to become a candidate for this office, but after a good deal of persuasion four names were secured and the election was concluded with the following result: Robt. Gray, 195; J. H. Wolford, 154; J. O. Stewart, 74; P. C. Bruce, 52.

The Primary seemed to overshadow all the other elections. Cedarville township seemed to be the battle ground for all the candidates, and old politicians say the primary here was the most hotly contested one they have ever seen. The fight was for representative and commissioner, and every inch of the ground was contested by the different factions. The vote was as follows:

For representative; Snider 199; Allen 128; Commissioner; Stevenson 239; Arnold 89; Infirmary director; Hedges 186; Fudge 137; Recorder; Adams 203; Finley 120. Bev. Andrew was elected central committeeman for this township.

The result of the county was as follows: Allen 2557; Snider 1398; Stevenson 2116; Arnold 1834; Fudge 2063; Hedges 1838; Adams 2737; Finley 1168. Joshua Oglesbee for county Treasurer and W. F. Trader for Prosecuting Attorney were nominated without opposition.

A Correction.

In my sermon last Sabbath evening I gave the impression that that saloon keeper of Cedarville is a member of the Odd fellows lodge of this place. I have since learned that he has withdrawn his membership from this local lodge, and I take pleasure in correcting the false impression. May the good work go on!

G. L. Turner.

Buy your window glass at Bull's

For sale, a number of Snyder blackberry spritts at 75 cents per hundred.

A. O. Bridgman.

The friends of Mrs. Mary A. McQuistin, of this city, editor of the Woman's Relief Corps Record, are presenting the claims of this most estimable lady for the position of President of the State Corps, and her claims for recognition are backed heartily by the members of the G. A. R. The lady has always been a great friend to the soldiers, and is the daughter of the late Mrs. John F. Patton, who was a leader in all movements during the war inaugrated by the noble women of the country for the comfort and relief of the men at the front.—Xenia Republican.

The Greene County Teachers' Association will hold its April meeting in Antioch College, today beginning at 9 o'clock a. m. A good program is provided and an interesting time is expected. Good music will be part of the exercises and a paper on "Securing Attention of Classes" by Prof. Wells, of Antioch; "How to Present Geography to Grammar Grades" by Miss Thomas, of Xenia; "Respiration" by Prof. Duncan, of Antioch, and a lecture by President Bashford, of Delaware College, who will present a literary feast which no live teacher can afford to miss. The discussions will be opened by Superintent M. J. Flannery, Jamestown, and A. D. Snively, Yellow Springs.

Clerk Haverstick and Sheriff Dodds drew the following jurymen for the May term of the Common Pleas Court:

GRAND JURY.

Joseph E. Jones,	Xenia City
Frank M. Corry,	Yellow Springs
John Butcher,	Ross Township
Chas. Pendlam,	Cedarville Tp
J. B. Smith,	Caesarcreek
G. L. Green,	Ross Tp
Jas. W. Beall,	Xenia City
S. S. Hollingsworth,	Jefferson Tp
P. H. Peterson,	Greearcreek Tp
W. H. Harry,	Xenia City
J. H. Huffer,	Jefferson Tp
Geo. F. Watts,	Xenia Tp
Milton Todhunter,	Silvercreek Tp
T. S. Barrett,	Spring Valley
Frank Zell,	Sugarcreek

PETIT JURY.

A. C. Grieve,	New Jasper
Geo. Mitchell	Xenia City
Geo. W. Kraft	Beavercreek
J. S. Harris	Xenia City
S. A. Shepherd	Cedarville
James W. Cooper	Silvercreek
John Kaufman	Osborn
John Rodgers	Xenia
J. T. Cotton	Xenia Tp
Thomas Mack	Xenia City
Rufus Harris	Xenia City
J. A. Crawford	Xenia Tp

ADDITIONAL JURORS.

Thos. Stevenson,	Xenia
David McClellan,	Spring Valley
J. H. Stormont,	Cedarville
Rankin Gordon,	Xenia City

Michigan rose seed potatoes at Bull's

Canned peaches, plums, pears, apricots, corn and tomatoes at Bull's

The remains of the late Thomas Leonard who died in the asylum at Dayton, last week, were shipped to Waynesville, his old home for interment. The Adams Express Company's agent at Dayton, accepted the coffin containing the corpse with an undertaker's bill of $35 on it. The express charges were $5 so that when the family called at the station for the remains the agent presented a bill of $49, and, acting under instructions refused to deliver them until it was paid. A son who was in the party declined to sign a check on one of the banks in which the old gentleman had a deposit and the funeral exercises came to an abrupt end. After five or six hours waiting the young man concluded to pay the bill and put his name to the check. The burial ceremonies then went forward with a rush and there was no further interruption.—Lebanon Star.

$700 Horse and Carriage Given Away.

"The Household," the oldest and best Household publication in the country, is the first on record to offer a fine family horse and an elegant Goddard buggy, valued at $700, as a Premium to the subscriber who shall obtain the largest number of new subscribers to "The Household" between March first and August first.

The March, or Easter edition, of "The Household," contains cuts and full particulars of this great offer. Copies of this number can be obtained at the news stands, or will be sent on receipt of ten cents by The Household Company, 50 Bromfield St., Boston.

This offer affords opportunity for any lady to secure a horse and carriage.

An Humbled Vizier.

A traveler in Morocco tells, in "The Land of an African Sultan," the following story: "The Sultan, not long ago, discovered that one of his viziers was becoming too powerful. He therefore summoned him to his, and complimented him on his great wealth. The vizier, becoming vain, boasted of the number of his horses, mules, wives, and slaves, and the sultan listened to him, saying that he was the rich and thought too much of himself. To show the man exactly what he was worth, his Majesty had him taken by soldiers to the slave-market, where he was put up for sale, and received only one bid of eighpence. He was then taken back to the Sultan, who said to him: 'Did you know your proper value, eighpence? Or, knowing it, pretty over it?' When the man realized his humiliation, he found that nearly all his property had been seized to pay his debts. He had to live in a small tenement, our with, and children, who our above had been his slaves."